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CREATION

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

There is a holiness upon her as she waits
Close by the station gates.
All of the forenoon long
Hasten the restless throng;
Eyes that seem scarcely to live,
Faces with nothing to give,
Swung by the rock of the years
On to their narrow affairs.
Now women come who draw their skirts aside;
And negro porters, braced against the tide
Of beating life, shrug with a smile or sneer,
Seeing her waiting there.

Where the massed shadows crawl
Out from the soaring wall
Her face shows dim and small.
Only her eyes,
Sombre, remote and wise,
Gaze out of æons past
Over today to the vast
Dream of tomorrow.
All of Earth's sorrow
Lies there, and all of Earth's joy;
And the infinite patience that builds
While armies destroy.

These others who beat in a tide
Of turbulent life through the wide
High gates: perhaps they go seeking their fate.
She needs but to wait.

What has she to do with the strife!
Her concern is of Life,
Faint-stirring and small.
Biding its time till the call
Of the Earth for its child

Out of its night to the wild
Glad urge of its day.
So, while they go on their way,
She can wait
By the gate.

While I, who make of my brain and my soul and my hand,
Only a fugitive song for the mirth of the land,
Turn, as the blind must turn to the warmth of the sun,
Reverently, and alone, in the presence of one
Who, mutely and steadfastly, up from the night and the sod,
Is shaping a life in the wonderful likeness of God.

TO ONE IN FLANDERS

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

As on that day, among the red leaves blowing,
We lay and watched the wild hawks windward throng,
You looked at me—and, like thin water flowing,
Time and creed went past;
And old earth sang to us her old wild song.

As on that day—alone, 'mid dead leaves blowing,
I stand and watch the dark ships seaward glide,
And wonder if the Flemish autumn's strowing
Red, low-singing leaves
Where, like stopped water, your wild splendor died.

Do you regret, in fields of ghost-flowers blowing,
The sterner love that cleaved our passion here?
Or do you dream my tears are dewdrops glowing
Round your unmarked sleep?
And do you wake, and weep—I wonder, Dear?